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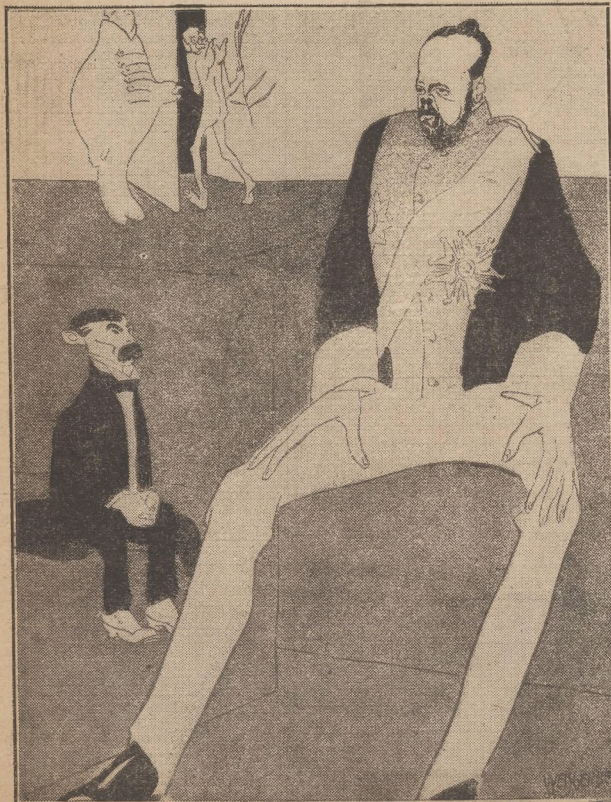
One Halfpenny.

YESTERDAY'S FRENZIED MEETING OF ALLSOPP SHAREHOLDERS.



Mr. Hugh Mayberry, of Glasgow (indicated in the photograph by a cross), moving at the annual general meeting of Messrs. Allsopp and Sons, at Cannon-street, that the directors' report be not adopted, and that a committee be appointed to investigate the affairs of the company. He claimed that the diminution of profits was not due to trade depression, but to mismanagement.

GERMAN VIEW OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE.



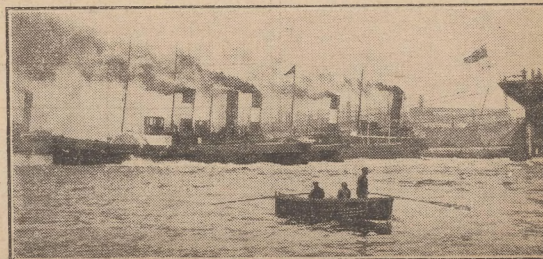
A cartoon from "Jugend." The cartoonist shows M. Witte saying to Baron Komura, "The Tsar bears you Japanese no ill-will over the war. You can keep Tokio!" Meanwhile the angel of peace is being shown out of the door in the background.

ROYAL PETS AT THE ZOO.



The Queen personally visited the Zoological Gardens before leaving for Scotland to arrange for the accommodation of these gazelles, which belong to her Majesty, and had been kept at Buckingham Palace.

MISHAP AT A LAUNCH.



During the launch of the steamship Vancouver at Glasgow the vessel stuck fast on the ways. Our photograph shows tugs at work endeavouring to drag her into the water.

WITH DESPAIRS OF PEACE.

Little Hope of Settling the
Question of Indemnity.

WEARY DIPLOMAT.

"All the Cards on the Table" on
Monday.

All indications go to show that the great Peace Conference at Portsmouth (U.S.A.) between Russia and Japan will break up on Monday.

The plenipotentiaries have reached the critical stage of their negotiations. They are discussing the indemnity question. They will discuss it today and to-morrow, but on Monday dramatic developments may be expected.

To quote the graphic message from Reuter's correspondent on the scene, "when they meet on Monday the last cards will be thrown on the table. If any bargaining is to be done, that will be the moment."

"The result should be sudden. The plenipotentiaries will meet with their protocols drawn up for signature and will part or stay according to their ability to agree."

WEARY M. WITTE.

"I am doing all I can for peace," remarked Mr. Witte, on returning from one of the sittings tired out, and speaking in a hopeless way.

"Of the eight articles already considered I have yielded on seven. No other statesman in Russia would have dared to do so much. I have done this on my own responsibility."

Mr. Matsumoto, the Japanese deputy accompanying the mission, says he does not see how an agreement could be reached in view of Russia's refusal to accept the two chief clauses.

Russia, says Reuter's correspondent, by her acceptance of Articles VII. and VIII., in connection with Articles III., IV., and VI., surrenders every vestige of her ambition in Manchuria.

There are persistent rumours, he continues, that several Powers, including the United States, were bringing pressure to bear upon Japan to forego the cost of the war, and to content herself with such other compensation as she could secure.

This concession should be contingent upon Russia eventually agreeing to cede Saghalien. This will doubtless be the line of ultimate compromise, if any compromise be made. Japan will make a stiff fight for the possession of the interned warships.

According to a St. Petersburg dispatch received in Cologne the Tsar is reported to have signed an order for a general mobilisation to take place early in September, in case peace is not declared by that time.

A LONELY FIGURE.

PORTSMOUTH (N. H.), Thursday.—Probably the loneliest man in the world at this moment is Professor Maarten. The Japanese refused to accept him as an extra delegate, and the dignity of such an authority on international law would not allow him to act as a simple secretary.

The result is that a solitary old gentleman is often seen, always buried in a book—Professor Maarten's killing time. A pessimistic observer remarked: "Author of seven volumes on the treaties of Russia, he is here to explain that this treaty will not be a treaty."—Laffan.

PARADOXICAL RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg Teems with Pleasure-Seekers
Despite the National Calamities.

"These people who want to murder me," said General Treppoff on receiving a blue paper threat of assassination, "have nothing better than grocers' paper to write on."

Next day he received a fair parchment with the same warning in a delicate handwriting.

But this is little indicative of the present state of affairs in St. Petersburg, where, says a correspondent, everyone seems determined to have as good a time as possible until the final ruin. Summer gardens, theatres, and cafes are crammed every night.

War, strikes, peasant revolts, and bad trade are keeping people in town, and St. Petersburg is this summer quite an agreeable resort.

NORWAY'S HOME RULE MAJORITY.

By 368,200 votes to 184, Norway, states Reuter, has decided to separate from Sweden.

That this has been a thoroughly representative poll is proved by the fact that at the last general election only 236,641 votes were recorded.

"EDGAR THE EAGLE."

His Flying Machine Falls in the
Mud, Leaving Him in Mid-Air.

RESCUED BY ROPES.

Undaunted, Mr. Edgar Wilson, of Pimlico, yesterday afternoon made some aerial experiments at Wembley Park with his flying-machine, which is fashioned on the noble lines of the eagle.

The management of Wembley Park had erected for his assistance in emulating the flight of the king of birds a scaffold sixty feet high by the side of the lake.

They did so because they considered that would be safer for Mr. Wilson than the platform of Wembley Tower, from which he at first wished to fly.

Bitter had been Mr. Wilson's disappointment when the London police had refused to allow him to soar off Westminster Bridge, and he looked to Wembley Park to prove he was no mere visionary with flights of fancy only.

With a doctor in attendance below, Mr. Wilson cheerfully permitted himself to be hoisted, by means of ropes and pulleys, some forty feet up, holding his outstretched wings of bamboo and canvas below him for experimental purposes.

FELL BEAK FIRST.

At a given signal the aeronaut let his machine go, but instead of gracefully descending and skimming over the surface of the water the huge kite dropped like a stone and buried itself "beak" first in the mud.

Up above the inventor swung helplessly, for the rope had stuck, and it was impossible to lower him again.

So, suspended in mid-air, he remained until his assistants, by aid of a rope round his waist, were able to pull him in from his perilous position between sky and water.

Then, by the friendly aid of a scaffold-pole and a ladder, Mr. Wilson descended, cheerful despite his aerial adventures.

From the depths of the lake his apparatus was recovered by means of a punt, and Mr. Wilson announces that he will continue his "trial glides" and experiments until he is able to give public exhibitions of his skill.

His attempts yesterday were watched with much interest by the swans.

Seen by the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. Wilson said he was confident that success would eventually crown his efforts.

"It will take six or seven attempts like this," he said after the rescue of his machine. "I am not in the least discouraged."

KING EDWARD "MOBBED."

Crowds Dog His Footsteps at Marienbad—
Expected Meeting with the Kaiser.

King Edward left the Weimar Hotel at Marienbad early yesterday morning, says the Central News correspondent, and was present at the promenade concert on the Corso before seven o'clock.

A large crowd dogged his Majesty's every step, and from the time of his leaving the hotel until his return to it the King suffered from the pressing attentions of the visitors.

At the beginning of last year's holiday, in the same town, his Majesty was much annoyed by the curious crowds which persisted in following him everywhere. The King was at one time forced to return to his hotel by these unwelcome attentions.

Two days later the curious had grown accustomed to his Majesty's presence, and the annoyance was abated.

The Berlin correspondent of the "Matin" telegraphs that King Edward will have a meeting with the Kaiser on his return from Marienbad.

LORD MAYOR'S APPEALS.

Sir Thomas Shann Again Urges a Settlement
in the Cotton Industry.

At the adjourned sitting of the cotton conference at Manchester Town Hall yesterday the delegates discussed the operatives' proposals that the masters should give the increase asked for during the next two months, and that the wages question should be reconsidered at the end of that time.

The Lord Mayor of Manchester again appealed to the delegates to make a temporary settlement which would enable them to set up machinery to prevent automatically a recurrence of so dangerous a situation.

ENGLAND'S "FUNNY COAST."

In a delightful article on the water-logging places in the south of England, the "Echo de Paris" translates the "Côte Solleilée" (sunny coast) as "Funny Coast."

May our Gallic visitors find it so!

STRICKEN SPAIN.

Armed Bands of Famished Labourers
Terrorise the Country.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MADRID, Wednesday.—Open anarchy prevails in the famine districts of Andalusia, Castile, and Aragon. Government has been brought almost to a standstill, and Spain is face to face with a disaster graver than the loss of her Colonies.

Over an area half as large as England the people are without the necessities of life. At least 200,000 labourers and their wives and children are in desperate straits.

Bankruptcy and the loss of credit are affecting trade and commerce throughout the country. Everywhere shops are being pillaged.

In addition to the almost total lack of harvest, farmers are faced by the loss of their stock.

Sheep and cattle farms are being raided by bands of starving men. The animals are stolen, killed, and the flesh shared out on the spot.

Bands of men, in some cases numbering 3,000 or 4,000, and armed with rifles and knives, wander about the country and terrorise the people.

In the larger towns, where strong garrisons are kept, the banks are stringently guarded.

The Government has ordered the authorities of Andalusia to instal soup kitchens in towns and villages in the famine districts.

In official circles here the gravest results are feared. The state of affairs is as bad as that which provoked the great peasant rising of 1862.

MOROCCO STORM-CLOUD.

France Objects to Germany Stealing a March
During Negotiations.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—A semi-official account of the present position of negotiations proceeding between France and Germany on the Morocco question was published here to-day.

It shows that France has known of the steps being taken by Count Tattenach at the Shereefian Court, to secure orders for German firms and arrange a German loan.

The French Premier, upon hearing of these proceedings, called the attention of Prince Rudin to them, and France has never ceased to maintain that while negotiations are proceeding French and German representatives should make no private negotiations with Morocco.

"PLATINUM" WEDDING.

Centenarian Husband and Wife of 92, Celebrate Their Seventy-Fifth Wedding-Day.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Diamond weddings pale before that to be celebrated at Verjux (Saône) on August 20. M. Farion is a century old. His wife, whom he married seventy-five years ago, is ninety-two.

The "wedding procession" will consist of octogenarians. The groomsmen, who is the nephew of the groom, is eighty-six; the chief bridesmaid is eighty-seven. All the other guests are about the same age, the youngest being a mere lad of eighty.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Dowager Empress of China has inquired anxiously whether Miss Alice Roosevelt, whom she greatly desires to see, will visit Peking.

Mr. L. C. Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio, has invented a submarine, built, says Laffan, to sink as a shark does, by means of diving bladders.

A footprint 10,000 years old, the first evidence that man existed during the coal formation, has been uncovered in a Pennsylvania anthracite colliery.

Rostoff, on the River Don, is infested with hooligans, and, according to a St. Petersburg telegram, several have been lynched by the crowds and hundreds expelled by the police.

An inhabitant of Perigneux, says the "Petit Parisien," has discovered a method of transmitting telegrams by wireless telegraphy to any single post or to several simultaneously at will.

Sixty-six further cases of yellow fever are reported by Reuter's New Orleans correspondent. The death-rate among those who contracted the disease is, however, low, only 11 per cent.

In a night surprise by natives of a Dutch bivouac, followed by an attack on a patrol at Bakong (Achin), one officer and six European soldiers were killed, and the enemy left twenty-two dead.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—
Easterly to southerly winds; fair at first, rain by afternoon or evening; warm.
Lighting-up time, 8.17 p.m.
Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

RISE AND FALL OF ALLSOPP'S.

Profit of Over £1,000 a Day Turned
Into a Heavy Loss.

STORMY SCENES.

From £486,000 profit to £41,000 loss—such was the decadence of a great firm as told at the meeting of Allsopp and Sons, Ltd., yesterday.

The magical rise of Allsopp's was once one of the leading romances of trade. That was in the days when the man who built up the great brewery business was mounting to the peerage and giving away churches in Burton.

Less than twenty years have passed since his death.

Had the first Lord Hindlip, who, as plain Mr. Henry Allsopp, shaped the concern into a business with a profit-making capacity of nearly half a million a year, been alive to-day, and yesterday had been present at this annual meeting of the firm, he would have seen, instead of smiles on the faces of the shareholders, expressions of the deepest indignation and disappointment.

He would have heard, too, such criticisms and remarks as:—

Falling off in sales.

Diminution in profits and increase of the cost of management.

The directors are feathering their nests.

They should amalgamate with other concerns.

Incompetent directors—honest, but incompetent.

The disgraceful and scandalous financial operations which had made the name of Allsopp a by-word.

One can imagine the splendid old business man who knew how trade was made and profits produced turning sadly away from this pitiful scene of ruin, and thinking how different things were when he was at the helm.

FRENZIED SCENES.

The frenzied scenes of yesterday were but the natural expression of the shareholders' feelings at seeing the steady crumbling away of the world-famous business.

They took little comfort from the belief of the chairman that with the return of good trade generally there might be anticipated a magical effect upon Allsopp's sales, or from his agreeable remark that their lager beer was going ahead all over the world.

When indeed forgetting the £41,000 loss, Mr. Stewart proceeded to speak pleasantly of the plant at Burton, and wished the shareholders would come down and see it, he was rudely brought down to the cruel facts by the roar, "Pay us a dividend anyway we'll come!"

And all the while, in the body of the hall, angry shareholders were fuming and fretting.

"Every move the board had made since they took up their position," said one speaker, "had been followed by a decline in the value of the shares, and now shares that were once worth £60 can be got for £7 10s."

"Reject the report," shouted another shareholder.

COMMITTEE APPOINTED.

The end of three hours' uproar and disorder was that the report was adopted subject to the appointment of a committee by the shareholders to confer with the board.

It was a crisis in the history of Allsopp's—a history that until a few years ago was a narrative of success after success.

The business had only small beginnings.

In the eighteenth century the daughter of Benjamin Wilson, owner of a flourishing Burton brewery, married James Allsopp, who became manager and subsequently proprietor of the business.

A son was born whom he called Samuel—the father of the future Lord Hindlip.

Samuel was intended for the Church, but he found his forte in beer. He had a genius for "getting on," and the brewery grew.

He created a foreign trade. Russia took Allsopp's beer in large quantity. Why not India?

The man of brains experimented, and the result was "Indian Pale Ale," which, in the hot climate of our great dependency, had an immediate success. As Samuel was clever, so was his son, Henry, enterprising.

He was American in his methods, and the brewery became one of the wonders of Burton.

When he formed the concern into a company the little business of Benjamin Wilson was averaging a yearly profit of almost a quarter of a million—all out of beer and brains!

Before he died the son of astute Samuel Allsopp had become a peer, and he had discovered the secret of making a profit of over £1,000 a day.

In the year 1905 Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons, Limited, had so far forgotten the secret as to record a loss of £41,000.

LONDON, THE SPENDTHRIFT.

Her Budget Shows Gigantic Increase of Financial Burdens.

MILLIONS IN "INTEREST."

During the year ending next March the London County Council expects to spend nine millions and a half of the ratepayers' money.

London's budget was contained in a White-paper issued yesterday by direction of the House of Commons.

The amount of stock issued by the London County Council and still unredeemed is £65,970,950. During the year ended last March £7,500,000 worth of stock was issued, and stock of the value of £290,056 cancelled, so that London's burden, so far as the central authority is concerned, was increased by over seven millions.

How It Was Spent.

The uses to which this money was put were various. They included improvements of many kinds, extensions of travelling facilities, and loans to borough councils. Among the items of expenditure were the following:—

Anglo-Saxon	£70,575	Parks	£52,833
Bridges and		Streets	
Tunnels	505,693	Improvements	897,075
Coroners' courts	12	Thames Embankment	380,812
Education	305,635	Thames steamboats	65,623
Fire Brigade	76,959	Tramways	801,511
Housing	149,726	Loans to borough councils	1,420,000
Main drainage	379,710		

Among the receipts was the sum £434—paid for the use of rowing-boats in the parks.

Mammoth Interest.

One of the heaviest items of the total expenditure of £9,494,355 anticipated for this year by the finance committee amounts to £2,039,752, and comes under the heading of "Interest on money borrowed." Other expenses have been provided for as follows:—

Criminal prosecutions	£45,625	Infant life protection	875
Education	4,435,084	Dangerous structures	6,910
Fire Brigade	247,735	Gas testing	4,635
Parks and open spaces	132,500	Theatrical music-hall licences	5,525
Tide gauges	120	Pauper lunatics	108,820
Burial of drowned	130	Prisoners	100
Boatmen	180	Against plague	63,435
Prevention of Thames floods	1,045	Redemption of debt	1,179,247
Naming and numbering streets	1,160	Loans against smallpox	500
Diseases of animals	13,835		

Loans to Boroughs.

The following table shows at a glance the loans granted to the borough councils last year by the L.C.C., and the actual indebtedness of each authority when the last loan was granted:—

Loans	Indebtedness.
Battersea	£72,569
Barnes	109,416
Barnsbury	40,861
Bethnal Green	68,176
Camden	15,000
Canary Wharf	9,244
Deptford	61,345
Enfield	1,774
Finsbury	109,151
Fulham	44,124
Greenwich	14,677
Hammersmith	120,959
Hampstead	29,175
Islington	26,000
Kensington	16,095
Lambeth	71,651
Lewisham	1,465,000
Maryland	48,997
St. Pancras	74,052
Shoreditch	14,000
Southwark	45,575
Stoke Newington	82,236
Wandsworth	66,421
Westminster	62,235
Woolwich	62,235

The amount advanced to borough councils during the year was £2,069,851, and the amount lent to unions £202,830. The total amount advanced to all metropolitan public bodies up to last March was £40,000,000.

L.C.C. STEAMER LEAKING.

Voyage Suddenly Stopped and Passengers Landed with All Speed.

There was a startling incident during the voyage of the London County Council steamer Carlisle from Woolwich to Westminster yesterday.

One of the crew came up and informed the captain that the vessel was leaking. Upon investigation this was found to be true, and so much water had made its way into the boat that the captain decided to land his passengers at once.

The Carlisle was taken alongside the Commercial Docks Pier, and all her passengers requested to leave her.

AFRAID TO BIRCH HIS SON.

Newcastle magistrates yesterday declined the request of a father that his thirteen-year-old son should be officially birched for stealing from him. It was his duty, they said.

"But," he pleaded, "I am very sharp-tempered. I may go too far." "If you do, you will be brought up here," was the reply.

NUGGETS OF GOLD.

Colonial Exhibits, Worth Thousands of Pounds, on View at the Guildhall.

It is pleasant to handle gold; it is good to feel the yellow nugget in your palm.

All day yesterday at the Guildhall people were toying with lumps of precious metal, and only one solitary, sad-faced policeman stood between them and fortune!

There was one little nugget called the Maitland Bar. It rested lightly in your hand—£1,236 worth. Another was known as the Mother Shipton quartz the 258 ounces of which made a man richer by £1,033.

All this gold was contained in a small glass case at which those who were not privileged to touch stared eagerly. A stranger might have thought that he was "in the gold reefed city."

The truth was very prosaic; it was part of an exhibition promoted by the Colony of New South Wales to advertise its wealth of mineral resource.

GENERAL AND THE CHILDREN.

Head of the Salvation Army Prays for Little Ones by the Solway Firth.

General Booth is now triumphantly motorizing Cumberland. He was given a great reception at Whitehaven, where the whole of the inhabitants turned out to cheer him.

The General spoke to big crowds at Workington, a steel town not far from the sea, yesterday, and at Flimby, by a bleak shore of Solway Firth, where several hundred school-children were seated by the roadside, their master in their midst.

The General stopped and told them to be good and industrious, and prayed for them.

KISSED THE MINISTER.

Kensit Preachers at Douglas Cause Demonstration by Deciding to Go To Prison.

Douglas, the capital of the Isle of Man, which never lacks for variety, had a new diversion yesterday.

A minister was publicly kissed in the local police court by a charming young girl.

The cause of this outbreak of admiration was the fact that the minister so favoured—Mr. McTaggart—and two Kensit preachers, Messrs. Chivers William Steele and Fisher Ferguson Kensit, were prosecuted by the Douglas Corporation under the by-law which forbids preaching on Douglas shore within twenty yards of the roadway. The case was decided against the preachers and fined each of them 1s. or four days' imprisonment.

The preachers dramatically announced their intention of going to gaol, whereupon the crowd in court cheered lustily, while Mr. McTaggart commenced to pray aloud.

POISON FOR GINGER-BEER.

Pathetic Tragedy in the Lives of Three Poor, Aged, Lonely Women.

Strangely pathetic was the story of the manner of life of three lonely, aged women, which was revealed yesterday at the inquest on Elizabeth Jupp.

They were sisters, living at Cambridge Heath, where two of them, Sophia and Annie, worked at waistcoat-making, while watching over Elizabeth, aged seventy-two, who was not right in her mind. Seeing some liquid in a ginger-beer bottle in the room, Elizabeth and Annie, thinking it was a delicacy, drank it. It was carbolic acid. The two sisters were taken seriously ill, Elizabeth expiring last Sunday.

Death by Misadventure was the verdict returned, the coroner remarking on the danger of not putting poisons into properly-labelled bottles.

CANNOT GROW COTTON.

Government Experiment in Gambia Proves Absolutely Futile.

Cotton-growing in Gambia is a failure, states the Acting Colonial Secretary in an official report issued yesterday.

"It is feared that the cultivation of cotton in this Colony is impossible, the soil being too sandy. The endeavour on the part of the Government to foster the trade has resulted in a substantial loss.

"A great quantity of seed was distributed gratis, but the reports received are most unsatisfactory."

Miss Muir, who was run down on Wednesday, while cycling by a motor-car in which General Tucker and his staff were travelling, near Lanark, died from her injuries yesterday.

IS MAN PLAYED OUT?

Women Deserting Lowly Employment To Oust Their Brothers.

STRIKING FIGURES.

Woman is gradually usurping man's place as a bread-winner in the higher lines of employment.

Professor W. L. Bodine, of Chicago, says that the above statement holds true in the United States, and the census returns prove that it is a fact in the United Kingdom.

The Chicago professor says that man's supremacy is being most sharply attacked by woman in the commercial, professional, and governmental occupations. The figures in Great Britain indicate that man is gradually losing his hold in all these fields.

With the invasion of the commercial field by woman she has forsaken her traditional occupations. In spite of the increase in population during the past ten years the number of women in domestic and agricultural pursuits has actually decreased.

In 1891 the number of women in commercial pursuits in England was 27,734—but five per cent. of the people thus employed.

The census figures for 1901 show that 80,552 women have taken their places alongside the men in commerce, fully eleven per cent. of the commercial employees.

Woman has also shown her grip upon governmental affairs, both local and general. In 1891 ten per cent. of the Government employees were women, while in 1901 the percentage had risen to thirteen.

That the woman of the fields is becoming a figure of the past is shown by the fact that the number of women employed in agriculture has fallen from 171,929 to 152,642.

The decrease in women in domestic service was from 2,170,233 to 2,055,725.

And at the same time men are being driven out of the field by women workers in all sorts of occupations that were a few years ago only open to men.

Spirit of the Times.

That woman is in many cases striving for the "mastery" cannot be denied. A case humorously illustrating the spirit of the times was heard at Barnsley yesterday.

After marrying a twelvemonth ago, Mr. and Mrs. Batty, of Wombwell, both sixty-eight years of age, did not get on well together.

So Mr. Batty's daughter consulted Mrs. W., a spiritualist, who, having "psychometrised" the wife's handkerchief, advised her, according to the daughter's letter, as follows:—

Mrs. W.—says he has some bad conditions with him and some nasty ways, but she says if you like you can prove master over him. You must try and frighten him somehow, because he is a coward at the bottom of him.

P.S.—He will not be a long liver. You must put your trust in God and the angel friends. Ask them to help you.

On the strength of this letter Mrs. Batty insured her husband's life, and hoped for the best. But things not improving she had just applied to the Barnsley Bench, who have granted her a separation order, with 3s. a week alimony.

STERN CHASE ON CYCLES.

Exciting Three Mile Pursuit of Burglars Ends in Capture of One.

Discovered by the servants in a house in Brondesbury Park, a burglar dropped from a window and fled, together with two other men who had been waiting near.

Learning this, Mr. Britton, a journalist, gave chase, and with another cyclist pursued the men for three miles. When about to seize the men they took to the railway and doubled backwards and forwards and through houses, but one was eventually arrested.

At Willesden yesterday Sidney George was charged with the burglary and committed for trial, while the cycling journalist was highly commended.

MORE LUCKY SERVANTS.

Out of a fortune of £218,422, Mr. Wm. Stobart, of Pepper Arden, Northallerton, colliery proprietor, left legacies of £50 each to four of his servants, £150 to his farm bailiff, and a life annuity of £100 to his late wife's maid.

Known as "Uncle Tom," Mr. Thomas Wall, of Droitwich, a prominent agriculturist, left his housekeeper £200.

DRUIDS AT STONEHENGE.

Members of the Ancient Order of Druids, from all parts of England, will gather at Stonehenge on August 24 to revive the mysteries and rules of the prehistoric priests of Britain.

SAND CASTLE BUILDERS.

"Daily Mirror" Competitors Busy on Yarmouth Beach To-day.

This afternoon, at two o'clock, the fourth *Daily Mirror* castle-building competition will be held on the south beach sands at Yarmouth, near the jetty.

They are golden sands in more senses than one for three prizes of £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d. will be awarded for the best sand edifices built upon them to-day.

Alderman Thomas Green, J.P., Deputy Mayor, and Councillor John Goode, have promised to act as judges, with the assistance of Miss Elsie Mayo, Mayoress of Yarmouth, who will also present the prizes.

Anyone under twenty-one may compete, either singly or in parties not exceeding six persons each. Each party must have a leader, who, in the event of its success, will receive the prize. Any tools may be used, and any kind of sand edifice may be constructed.

Every competitor must carry a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

Small children need not be discouraged by the thought of competing with their elders—at Margate, Ramsgate, and other seaside children were as successful as their grown-up rivals.

Nor need single builders fear to compete with parties of several persons—the fine first prize castle at the Boardstairs contest was entirely the work of one builder—Master B. Hickman.

The north will have its turn next week, when competitions will be held at Scarborough on Monday and Blackpool on Wednesday.

PRETTY MARRIAGE SCENE.

Child Bridesmaids Distribute Flowers at the Wedding of Lord Sudeley's Daughter.

It was a fashionable throng that invaded Ham Common, a quiet old-world spot in Surrey favoured by cyclists, to witness the wedding yesterday of the Hon. Rhona Hanbury-Tracy, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Sudeley, of Ormeley Lodge, Ham, to Mr. Bertram Abel Smith, a member of the wealthy banking family.

There were many distinguished guests, including the Earl of Dysart, Lord and Lady Penrhyn, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild and Lord and Lady Charles Beresford.

The bride was attended by seven bridesmaids—all children, dressed in white silk muslin with pink sashes and lace veils, and carrying baskets of pink and white flowers, which they distributed among the guests.

FROM COMFORT TO POVERTY.

City Tradesman Who Paid £500 a Year Rent Now Among West Ham Unemployed.

During the enrolment of the unemployed on the register at West Ham yesterday a man who described himself as a tailor's assistant produced an agreement dated a few years ago which showed that he paid £500 a year rent for a shop in Cannon-street, City.

Bad times came, and he had gradually drifted into the almost permanently unemployed. He has at times already served in the city and upon other relief works under the corporation.

His oldest boy has also signed the books as waiting work, being a mess-room steward, and the only daughter who can do anything gives her mother 2s. a week out of the 3s. which she receives. Only two children are working out of the six to be provided for.

The number of unemployed registered reached nearly 2,000 yesterday.

"BOX AND COX" AGAIN.

Extraordinary Revelations of Overcrowding and Sub-Letting in Westminster.

"The high price of land and property in Westminster," says the Medical Officer, in his annual report just circulated, "leads to overcrowding."

Sub-letting is resorted to in order to cover expenses, and an instance is quoted where one set of lodgers occupy the beds during the day, and another set at night.

In a vault extending under a main thoroughfare forty-five men were found employed addressing envelopes. Even supposing the place had been suitable there was only room for seventeen.

Mention is also made of a Court milliner's workshop in which twelve women and girls were employed, whilst the accommodation was really limited to half that number.

Fire broke out in the basement of a tarpaulin manufactory in Tooley-street yesterday. Luckily the premises are nearly opposite the fire-station, and the smartness of the brigade prevented another of those disastrous conflagrations for which the neighbourhood is unpleasantly notorious.

CITY LIFE A NATIONAL DANGER.

Striking Condemnation by Physician of World-Wide Repute.

PRaise OF THE COUNTRY.

A striking condemnation of town life and the increasing size of our great cities was delivered by Sir James Crichton-Browne yesterday.

In his presidential address to the conference of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association, which opened in London yesterday, he said:—

"If cities go on growing at the present rate, and under existing conditions, they will dry up the reservoirs of strength in the population and leave an immense proletariat of inferior quality."

No one, he said, would underrate the importance of the part played by food in physical development, but he felt it was going too far to say, as had been said at Leicester, that the whole of the unfitness of the race was due to lack of food.

He felt those present would agree that of the environmental conditions of the people most urgently in need of consideration was their housing. From all parts of the country came complaints of overcrowding in wretched dwellings.

Town Dwellers Shortened Lives.

In London 300,000 persons were living in one-room tenements, in which privacy and decency were impossible. That the townsman was shorter-lived than the countryman was incontrovertible.

Dr. Tatham had calculated that in the rural districts of England the average expectation of life at birth was 51.48 years for males and 54.04 for females, whereas in the great cities it is only 28.78 for males and 32.67 for females. That meant that every male had to sacrifice ten years and each female nine years of life for the privilege of being born in an urban area.

As a compensation for the disadvantages of town life, we were told that concentration of population in cities best promoted the process of bringing capable men to the front.

But was this so? The educational ladders provided hitherto to enable children of the humble class to climb up in the social scale were mounted by the nimble, the precocious, and the quick-witted, whose intellectual energies were in many instances soon exhausted.

Intellect from the Country.

Around the foot of these ladders there remained numbers of children of really finer intellectual power, but slower growth than those who had scrambled up them.

Many of our finest intellectuals had sprung from the unintellectual class, and genius was generally more or less of a sport.

It was his view that any death of ability from which we might be suffering was to be ascribed not so much to the infertility of the cultivated classes. It was rather due to the artificial production of stupidity in various ways, and to the incessant draining from the country, which is the fit and proper breeding place and rearing ground of intellect, of the best elements of our people.

These were swallowed up and exterminated or deteriorated in our big towns.

TOO MANY MEALS.

Warning to the Healthy of the Peril Besetting a Good Appetite.

For people who dine in the evening the growing custom of having a sit-down meal for five o'clock tea is a serious danger, states the "Medical Press Circular."

Some people, urged by the healthy appetites raised by motoring, are having four, and even five, square meals a day, when two should suffice for the most active and robust.

In America nothing is eaten between lunch and dinner, and among many of the English middle classes, and in Scotland and Germany, dinner is taken at midday and tea is high tea.

LONDON'S FOREIGN INVASION.

Hotel managers state that since the Coronation London has never been so full of visitors as at the present time. Everywhere one meets groups of sight-seeing foreigners.

c publish on pages 8 and 9 some interesting snapshots of visitors from other lands.

NO ONE WAS INJURED.

Accounts which have been published of a series of mishaps which occurred to tram-cars on the London United Tramways Company's route, between Shepherd's Bush and Richmond on Wednesday, were, in many respects, erroneous.

We are informed by the company that no persons were injured, and that no tram-car was set on fire.

TRACKED IN THE WOODS.

Arrest of Lover Who Attacked His Sweetheart on Their Wedding Eve.

At Ardley, near Bicester, yesterday, William Addison was arrested on a charge of attempting to murder his sweetheart under dramatic circumstances.

After attacking the girl, Addison made off, and, by hiding in the grass in the neighbourhood, evaded the police for a night and a day.

Addison and the girl, Rose Bensley, who is now making progress towards recovery, were to have been married on Wednesday, and on the previous day went together to Bicester to make some purchases in view of that happy event.

They returned, and later on the prospective bride visited her lover's house. When they were parting at the garden gate she thought he seemed a little strange.

He put his arm round her as if to kiss her and then drew a razor across her throat, inflicting a deep wound and nearly cutting off her ear.

Addison's father ran to the girl's assistance, but his son rushed off, coatless and hatless, to his sweetheart's house, where he smashed nearly all the windows. He then disappeared.

He was remanded at Bicester yesterday on a charge of attempted murder.

THE QUEEN'S GAZELLES.

Her Majesty's Visit to the Zoo to Arrange for Their New Home.

Queen Alexandra's fondness for her pets is well known. For some time past she has had at Buckingham Palace a pair of gazelles which had been brought to her from abroad.

But gazelles as they grow up are not so gentle as they look, and it became advisable to find them new quarters. With this object the Queen paid a surprise visit to the Zoo just before she left for Scotland, and personally made arrangements for her pets to be taken care of there.

Yesterday, when the *Daily Mirror* photographed them they were already settling down in their new quarters, and quite prepared to eat biscuits from the hand of their keeper.

FORGED HER FATHER'S NAME.

Stolen Cheque Provides Girl and Her Lover with a Seaside Holiday.

"I own I did it, and I suppose it was rather silly," said Beatrice Burman when charged, together with Thomas Gilby, with uttering a forged cheque for £15.

After, according to the prosecution, forging her father's name on an abstracted cheque, Beatrice, who is only nineteen, went off to Ramsgate with Gilby, a married man with a family, and there they spent the proceeds.

Remanding the pair in custody at Westminster yesterday, the magistrate said the man was clearly an accessory after the fact.

CLERGYMAN BEGGAR.

Arrested for Seeking to Borrow a Shilling from Passers-by in the Street.

When, under the pretext of asking his way, the Rev. Thomas Dowzer requested a gentleman for the loan of a shilling, he was disappointed that the accosted one had not that amount. "Then how much money have you?" he demanded, and finding it was only 3d., apologised and walked off.

At Marylebone yesterday, when charged with begging from gentlemen, it was stated that 34s. 4d. and two pence were found on him when arrested.

Notwithstanding a solemn promise to "scrupulously observe the law" in future, the accused, who appears to have once been curate of St. Mark's, South Shields, but since 1882 has had no curacy, was remanded for inquiries.

MYSTERY OF A LETTER.

Did Lost Communication Reveal Secret of Lovelorn Girl's Fatal Sorrow?

When Emily Velvin drank poison at her sweetheart's mother's house, her sweetheart, Thomas Summers, tended her, but she died soon afterwards.

A letter to him which fell from her bodice at the time had been "lost," he stated at the inquest at Hackney yesterday, and he had only read part of it.

The jury, in agreeing on temporary insanity, disbelieved his story, and the coroner said if evidence was forthcoming that the letter had been wilfully destroyed further proceedings might follow.

Suddenly buried under a mass of earth, which fell in from the sides of the trench in which he was laying a water-main at Carlisle, a workman was severely crushed, but still alive when rescued ten minutes afterwards.

GIRL'S HUGE TASK.

Miss Kellermann's Last Practice Before Attempting to Swim the Channel.

WHERE TIDES MEET.

Miss Annette Kellermann, the nineteen-year-old Australian girl, who will next week attempt the extraordinary feat of endurance of swimming the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy, takes her last serious practice swim today.

Starting from Dover she will swim across what is known as the "foul passage," the stretch of water between the South Goodwin and the Varne buoy.

It is in crossing this turmoil of tides and icy currents that Channel swimmers have so often failed. Miss Kellermann has insisted on testing these difficulties herself before the actual swim.

During the past fortnight, in her ordinary practices, this remarkable girl-swimmer has made two world's records—one from Dover to Ramsgate, and the second from Ramsgate to Margate.

The latter was a swim which had never before been attempted, in consequence of the extremely strong tides running round the North Foreland, but Miss Kellermann, to the amazement of those who witnessed her feat, was able to make headway against them.

Practising Many Strokes.

Yesterday the strong wind made it inadvisable to attempt going into the Channel. Miss Kellermann, however, swam in the bay for an hour, practising the breast and side strokes, which she will use alternately with the double overarm during her passage across the Channel. The temperature of the water was 58deg., or 5deg. colder than a week ago.

In Dover the pretty Colonial girl, with her magnificent physique and bronzed face, is a well-known figure. Admiring eyes and subdued whispers follow her on the esplanade, on the beach, and during her afternoon constitutional.

She is certainly unaffected, and is not at all fond of meeting strangers.

"I like children best," she says, and the little one of Dover knew it well. They cluster about her on the beach, until, as she laughingly cries, "There won't be anything left of me to swim the Channel."

When the mites become too clamorous there is always a stock of pennies for them.

"Run away now," she cries. "One day I'll teach you all to swim, and we'll all swim the Channel together."

RECKLESS SPORTSMEN.

Two Young Americans Accused of Firing at Salmon-Fishers.

Great interest was taken in the High Court of Justiciary at Inverness yesterday in the case in which John Shaffer Phipps and Henry Carnegie Phipps, sons of the well-known American millionaire, pleaded not guilty to a somewhat serious charge advanced at the instance of his Majesty's advocate.

They are accused of reckless shooting by which three salmon-fishers were injured, one of them having one eye destroyed and the sight of the other permanently impaired.

The case was adjourned, and will be tried at Edinburgh.

EXCITING RAILWAY TRIP.

Passengers Scared by Revolver Seek Refuge Under the Seat and on the Rack.

If all that was said about him at the Westminster Police Court yesterday was true Arthur George Parr, caused an extraordinary commotion in a railway carriage between Clapham Junction and Vauxhall.

According to Inspector Gibson he first fired a revolver from the window. This greatly alarmed the five other passengers.

Then he tied the revolver to his leg with a handkerchief. One of the terrified occupants of the carriage thereupon tried to get under a seat.

Another sought safety on the lofty altitude of the rack. When Parr was arrested the revolver contained three ball cartridges.

The man, who was remanded for a week in custody, calmly remarked that "he was only trying the weapon."

PENGE POISON SENSATION.

When Sophia Bourne, the Upper Norwood domestic servant charged with administering poison to her mistress, Miss Hole, was before the Penge magistrates yesterday, Professor W. R. Smith, of King's College, who analysed samples of food and drink, said they contained a considerable amount of arsenic.

SEASIDE DANGERS.

Accidents Suggest That Authorities Do Not Take Proper Precautions.

Is bathing at our seaside resorts rendered unnecessarily dangerous through the local authorities neglecting to take proper precautions?

This serious question, which must occur to anyone who reads the list of bathing fatalities published daily during the holiday season, has been brought into special prominence by the remarks made at two inquests on drowned bathers.

In one case the jury made particularly strong remarks. Frederick Hiscocks had been drowned while bathing at Whitmore Bay, in the Bristol Channel, and evidence showed that although a boat was provided for the beach inspector there were no oars in it, neither were there any ropes attached to the grappling-irons. No blankets or restatives were provided on the beach.

In returning a verdict of Accidentally Drowned, the jury expressed disgust that no notice had been taken by the district council of former suggestions made by the coroner. They also suggested that lifelines, grappling-irons, a stretcher, blankets, and lifebuoys should be provided.

At the inquest on a man who was drowned at Rhos-on-Sea, near Colwyn Bay, the coroner said that Colwyn Bay was not up-to-date in its precautions against drowning accidents. Nor was it Colwyn Bay that was alone in this respect, but Southport, the Irish coast, Rhyl, Prestatyn, Llandudno, and Abergele had been the scenes of various drowning accidents. In every other civilised country, he added, there was ample protection afforded to bathers.

Read in connection with the deplorable number of fatal accidents which occur around our coasts, these remarks certainly suggest that in many places proper precautions are not taken.

In justice to Colwyn Bay it should be mentioned that the mayor telegraphed to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday:—

"Coroner's remarks not correct. The bathing at Colwyn Bay is the safest on North Wales coast. The two cases of drowning occurred one and a half miles from Colwyn Bay centre."

WIFE'S PREROGATIVE.

Magistrate Says She Can Desert Her Husband with Impunity.

After a pronouncement made by Mr. Paul Taylor yesterday at the Marylebone Police Court, woman surely can never claim to be a downtrodden creature.

"I wish," said a commercial traveller to Mr. Taylor, "for a process against my wife. She has deserted me, and taken our child away with her." Mr. Paul Taylor: I cannot help you. A wife can desert her husband with impunity.

Applicant: Cannot you compel her to return home, so that I can have the child?

Mr. Taylor: I am very sorry to tell you I can do nothing of the sort. No wife is compelled to live with her husband. She has a perfect right to desert you, and you are liable to maintain her if she leaves you for some good reason.

BATTLE IN A LANE.

Brutal Violence by Gipsies Leads to Arrest of a Whole "Camp."

In the little town of Stratton, near Swindon, there is a part known as Gipsy Lane, where there is a gipsy settlement.

Five men from Stratton were passing there on Sunday night, when, according to their account, they were suddenly attacked, with great violence, by the whole of the settlement.

One of the men was so mercilessly kicked and beaten that he was found senseless in a ditch. Another had his head split open by a stick wielded by a woman, and the three others were roughly handled.

A feature of the gipsies' attack was that the women were more violent than the men, repeatedly calling out, "Knife them!"

Early next morning a cordon of police surrounded the encampment and placed everyone therein under arrest. They, however, only detained six men and two women, who were remanded at Swindon yesterday.

DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

Mervyn Parker, aged fifteen, was drowned yesterday while bathing at Hayling. A companion named Mortimer did all he could to rescue Parker, but had himself to be assisted by another boy named Croucher.

Fully dressed, the body of a man was observed in the sea off the South Beach at Yarmouth yesterday. The drowned man had some cards in his possession bearing the name of a Clerkenwell business man.

DRAMA OF LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

The Sensational Story of the Bonmartini Murder.

THE COUNT'S DEATH.

In previous chapters we have told something of the life story of Linda, Countess Bonmartini, who was the central figure in the terrible murder trial in Turin last week. Her girlhood and first love for Carlo Secchi, the doctor, were described, and later her marriage with Count Bonmartini. But after a very few years of married life they quarrelled because the Count had not the learning or culture of his wife's relations.

After a violent scene one day the Countess hysterically exclaimed: "I wish someone would rid me of the brute."

CHAPTER IV. The Murder.

"I will do it," Tullio had assured his sister, and with fierce hatred in his heart immediately sought his friend Secchi.

"What can we do?" inquired Secchi. "Poison him," replied Tullio vehemently. "You have some of that poison which the Indians use—curare, is it not? We can easily quarrel with Bonmartini, throw him down, and inject it."

"Impossible," replied Secchi, and to prove it sent for a young lamb. The injection of the curare was made, and the animal at first showed no signs of discomfiture. A few minutes later it commenced trotting round the room, and after five minutes, without violence, fell suddenly dead at their feet. "You see," said Secchi, as he explained the symptoms, "that is not at all practicable."

Tullio left his friend, and sought Rosa Bonetti, a girl with whom the Count had been familiar. She greeted Tullio's suggestion of poisoning the Count with scorn.

"I know a far better way," she announced, and told of a broken-down doctor and gambler, Pio Naldi, who, for a sum of money, would await Count Bonmartini at his flat and stab him as he entered.

CONCENT OF THE ASSASSIN.

Naldi was found and consented to be the assassin. Linda was in Venice, prior to going with the Count to Switzerland. The departure was fixed for August 29, 1902, and the previous night Bonmartini was to return to Bologna at six o'clock in the evening, visit his flat, and return to Venice.

All that day Tullio, Naldi, and Rosa Bonetti spent together. Towards the evening Naldi grew nervous and apprehensive.

"I can't do it," he declared. "The risk is too great."

Tullio and the woman did their utmost to persuade him, but without success. Finally Tullio announced that he would do the deed himself. "If his life were ending to-morrow," he said fiercely, "I should be justified in killing him to-night for his cruelty to my sister."

In the afternoon the three went to the Count's flat, and, with his sister's key, Tullio gained admittance. At four o'clock Rosa Bonetti left, promising to return within an hour.

"Will you do it?" Tullio asked again, just before five o'clock.

"No," replied Naldi, and his hand shook violently as he poured out some brandy.

"And you," continued the man in a trembling voice, "will be wiser to await a better opportunity."

FEROCIOUS ATTACK.

"If that brute enters this door to-night he will never leave it again alive," replied Tullio.

"I will have nothing to do with it," was the answer, and taking his hat Naldi left the flat.

A few minutes later Rosa Bonetti returned carrying a parcel. It contained a woman's underclothing. Together they scattered the delicate silk garments about the Count's bedroom. Tullio turned down the bed-clothes and lay upon the bed, giving it the impression of having been occupied. They opened and drank a bottle of champagne, leaving the empty bottle and glasses upon the table, ransacked some drawers, flung some clothes and an empty jewel-case upon the floor.

Then they returned to the next room and waited in silence. Shortly before half-past six the sound of a key in the lock was heard, and Tullio silently crossed and stood, stiletto in hand, behind the door.

The next moment the Count's step sounded without, and he entered the room. In a moment Tullio leapt upon him and inflicted a terrible wound in the back of the neck. The Count turned, and a desperate struggle took place.

It was over in a minute, for, weakened by the first blow, and helpless, Count Bonmartini had no chance with his assailant. As he dropped upon the polished floor, in fury Tullio fell upon the body, stabbing it again and again.

(To be concluded.)

ARE HOLIDAYS ANY GOOD?

A City Man Advocates Taking Annual Leave in Small Doses.

That holidays are good in themselves but often abused is the prevailing tone of the letters received yesterday.

The one from "Yeoman" suggests a way of taking holidays to the advantage of both oneself and one's country.

WATCHING THE LITTLE ONES.

The people who want holidays are the women and children. Their lives are monotonous, and the summer change to country or seaside is necessary for them.

Personally, I find the best part of my holiday is watching my wife and the little ones enjoying themselves. But I must say that I am invariably much better for my holiday, and the effect lasts for months after my return to work.

W. S. Kilburn.

BENEFITS OF VOLUNTEERING.

Holidays are good if they are spent rightly. Most people go to either seaside or country and "laze," with the result that they get bored and look anxiously forward to the time when they can get back to work. Some wear themselves out by continual sight-seeing.

Being (as described in a local paper) "an over-paid, under-worked official," and the fortunate

ROYAL HOSTESS OF BRITISH OFFICERS.



Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who entertained Admiral Wilson and the officers of the British fleet proceeding to the Baltic at dinner at Het Loo yesterday.

possessor of three weeks' annual leave, I find the best way of spending my holidays is under canvas with the Yeomanry. While so doing one keeps regular hours, has regular food, does plenty of hard work, and indulges in healthy exercise. At the end of training one feels a new man, and returns to business fit and well.

And over and above having a thoroughly good time, one has the satisfaction of knowing that one has spent one's holiday usefully, and done one's duty to one's country.

Let those who can become Yeomen or Volunteers, and if they spend their holidays with either of the two forces at their annual training they will not be undecided with their answer to the question, "Are holidays any good?"

YEOMAN.

Town Hall, Marylebone.

SMALL AND OFTEN.

Holidays would be excellent if people would only not all insist on taking them during the end of July and August. People with three weeks' holiday in the year should take three separate weeks.

Personally, I take a week at Christmas, a week in the spring, and a week at the beginning of September, and find the arrangement excellent.

My business is not so much upset as it would be if I were away for three weeks. You can forget your worries quite as well in one week as in three, so I am three times as well off as other men in that respect.

In a week, if I prefer to be lazy, I cannot get mentally stagnant, as one does in three. If I want to be active, I cannot take enough exercise in a week to upset my physical well-being.

My advice is, take your holidays "small and often."

ANOTHER CITY MAN.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

To prevent the transfer of readmission tickets at Tiverton (Bath) Flower Show, the hand of each person leaving the field was stamped in blue ink with a circular device.

The health of the Empress Eugenie, who has returned to Farnborough Hill, is far from satisfactory.

Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales arrived at Aberdeen yesterday and proceeded by the Desdieu train to Ballater, en route for Aberdeenshire Castle.

Mr. G. J. Vanderbump, solicitor, of South-square, Gray's Inn, in reference to his meeting of creditors, writes that he estimates his assets at some £3,000, and not at £52, as stated in the Bankruptcy Court.

So skillfully treated at the Manchester Royal Infirmary was a Hulme girl whose scalp had been almost torn off in a revolving shaft accident that she will retain her normal appearance, her hair having been restored to her.

By their enterprise in providing outdoor entertainments, the Margate Fêtes Committee, after paying all expenses, were able, on the year's working, to hand over £1,300 towards the relief of the rates. The income from hiring out of deck-chairs was £65,500, compared with £100 seven years ago.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Four Half-Guineas for Southport—More Prize-Winners.

If you can find your portrait in the group taken at Southport and reproduced on page 8, there may be half a guinea waiting for you at the *Daily Mirror* Office.

All you have to do is to apply for it.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final.

To-morrow four half-guineas go to

BRIGHTON.

A photograph of a holiday crowd at this place will be published and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group.

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competition at Lowestoft are as follows:—

LOWESTOFT.

Mr. L. Lowry, 134, Denmark-road, Lowestoft. Mr. James Clements, 83, Nunhead-grove, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.

Miss Dorothy Weston, 14, Maidstone-road, Lowestoft.

Miss Erma Jeffery, 97, Clapham-road, Lowestoft Central.

AMERICAN "RAILS" RISE.

Buying Orders from New York Cheer the London Stock Exchange.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—The feature of the stock markets to-day has been the further sharp rise in American Rails. The tone of the overnight advices from the other side was good, and dealers here had no hesitation in putting prices above the parity level. New York sent over buying orders in the afternoon, and the close was quite buoyant. Other markets were a little uncertain in tendency, although Consols were sustained by the receipt of bullion at the Bank of England. They closed at 90 9/16.

Home Rails closed with rather a weak appearance, although the market in the earlier dealings showed quite a fair amount of strength. Great Northern, after being bid for, relapsed, as also did one or two of the Heavies. Brighton "A" did not sustain an early rally, and the Scottish group was heavy.

ARGENTINE MARKET BUOYANT.

The Grand Trunk market opened rather easier on the traffic increase of 26,319, against the estimated improvement of about £8,000, but good support was forthcoming at the lower level, and values closed well up on the day. Canadian Pacific showed a hardening tendency in sympathy with American Rails. The tone of the Argentine Railway market was buoyant, and, in fact, all Foreign Rails were again in favour. Rather a feature was the good buying of Quebec Central Preferences, which rose to 84, while the Income bonds rose to "par." Mexican Rails were steady to firm.

Argentine securities were good, as also were Brazilian Government securities, the new Brazilian loan hardening to 1½ premium. Japanese bonds hardened, the new to 1½ premium, and Paris favourites improved, although closing below the best. Rio Tinto, after being offered on the poor statistics, were bid for, and there was some demand for Arizona Copper shares at 39s.

PARIS SUPPORTS KAFFIRS.

The advance in Argentine land descriptions was one of the chief movements in the Miscellaneous group. Santa Fé Lands were put up to 44s. 3d. on a report that the company may secure the contract for the supply of sleepers to the B.A. Pacific Railway. Argentine Land and Investments were good, as also were Argentine Southern Lands. In fact the whole of this group showed strength. Anglo "A" was bid up to 15½, but closed rather below this figure. Hudson Bay's recovered an early loss. Liptons dropped.

Kaffirs were a shade better, as Paris was inclined to support the market, but movements were of trifling extent, and interest was at a very low ebb. Westralians showed irregularity, but there was bidding for one or two West Africans.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

For Accurate Cables from New York read

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1d. ON SALE 1d.

EVERYWHERE. READ IT! IT WILL PAY YOU!

Specimen Copy post free.—"The Daily Report," Hasliden House, Moorgate Street, Bank, E.C.

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TELEGRAMS: "Reflex," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1905.

"I LOVE PEACE BUT I MEAN TO GO ON WITH THE WAR."

WEDNESDAY.

To a correspondent of the Russian newspaper, the "Novoe Vremya," whom he received at Peterhof, the Tsar spoke of his love of peace and his repugnance to war.

THURSDAY.

To a correspondent of the French newspaper, the "Matin," whom he received at Portsmouth, U.S.A., M. Witte, the Russian Peace Plenipotentiary, spoke of the futility of continuing the negotiations, and said he never expected a happy result of the Conference.

Comment unnecessary.

THE "SILLY SEASON."

"What is the origin of this phrase?" asks a correspondent eager for information. It came into being thus.

When the fashion of taking holidays in August had got itself firmly established, it was found that nothing particular happened in the way of news—that is, in the way of what was then considered news—foreign affairs, Parliament, law cases.

The newspapers, therefore, had a hard task to fill their columns. Sea-serpents, big gooseberries, and such marvels were seized upon and given prominence. That was the only plan which occurred to the sleepy old journals of the Sea-Serpent period.

Nowadays the newspaper of the progressive type is even more readable in the holiday season than it is during the rest of the year.

There is space for all sorts of interesting sidelights upon the story of our own times. There are discussions which add to our stock of knowledge of human nature and show us the directions which the thought of our generation is taking.

"Silly" season, indeed! Say, rather, the interesting season. The real "Silly Season" is when Parliament is pouring forth its floods of talk, when you see in the "Times" columns of the names of people who have been at a Levée or a Court, when there are so many events of the moment to chronicle that the deeper and more lasting interests have to go to the wall.

E. B.

THE ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES.

What a strange thing it is that, while we are quite ready to agitate for having our national interests safeguarded, we do not think it worth while to bother about the hardships which individuals suffer.

Once more, yesterday, Sir James Crichton-Browne denounced the revolting conditions in which thousands upon thousands of our town populations live. The Housing Question is a terrible danger. Yet no one troubles about it. Lord Roberts means to rouse the country to the risk we run of being conquered by a foreign enemy. Will no one make the nation see that we are in equal jeopardy from an enemy at home?

Unless we can vanquish the battalions of greedy slum landlords, we shall have no chance against a foreign foe. "Enlist every able-bodied man," cries Lord Roberts. What if there should soon be scarcely any able-bodied men to enlist?

H.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is easy enough to know God provided we do not force ourselves to define Him.—*Joubert.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THIS is the seventy-fifth birthday of the Emperor of Austria, who has just been so much in the minds of the English during the last week owing to his friendly meeting with King Edward at Ischl. At Ischl and in all the larger cities of Austria preparations have been made to celebrate to-day's anniversary with proper ceremony. The great celebration will come, however, if only the Emperor lives so long, in three years' time. In 1908, he will celebrate his "diamond jubilee"—the sixtieth anniversary of his accession to the throne of Austria.

If the Emperor's memory is good, and if he is fond of indulging in the perhaps dangerous habit of "looking backwards," he will remember the stormy scenes in the midst of which he came to his throne nearly sixty years ago. The Viennese had risen in revolt and driven his father Ferdinand I. away. Ferdinand then abdicated in favour of his

garrison adjutant, who had just been appointed, to record in a note-book the General's criticisms on the conduct of field days. Soon a field day came, and the General put his verbal artillery into use. The next day he called the adjutant. "Now, Mr. Brown, did you take down my notes yesterday?" "Yes, sir." "Very well. Now what was the first remark I made, eh?" In a wavering voice the adjutant replied: "Your first remark, sir, was 'As usual! Six—umpires, and no—sir!'"

It was in South Africa also, I think, that the General for once misapplied his forcible powers of expression in an amusing way. He had designed a number of forts out there, and came upon one of these, which he did not recognise as his own in the officer in charge and asked him, with a strange variety of oratorical embellishment, which I omit, "who had designed that fort." "That," said the officer, pretending not to recognise the General, "was designed by General Tucker." The General

manner, Lady Gort, his mother, always insisted upon that. He was, during childhood, not even addressed as "my Lord," and his title never used, the servants always being instructed to call him "Master Gort." A good deal has been seen of him during the last fortnight at Cowes, and he assisted his mother in entertaining not only the large house-parties at East Cowes Castle but with her received all the royalties at the big garden-party given in honour of the French fleet.

Lord and Lady Alington and Miss Diane Sturt will stay at Crichele for some weeks now, though probably they will be present at one of the many parties for Doncaster.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

PUBLIC-HOUSES OUT OF DATE.

It was with pleasure and satisfaction I read "E. B.'s" article relating to public-houses going out of date, and what ought to take their place, viz., the Continental café.

I frequently meet my friends in a Continental café-restaurant to have a game of billiards, chess, dominoes, or draughts, or simply a chat over several glasses of beer or wine, comfortably seated at nice, clean tables.

I may say that very rarely have I seen anybody get the worse for drink there. Should any brawler venture in the proprietor does not serve him, as he wishes to keep it such a place as "E. B." mentions, where men can take their evenings or sweethearts and spend a pleasant evening.

There are several of these places in London.

H. P.

WHERE SHALL WE LIVE?

We read with interest your account of Hornsey Borough Council advertising for householders, but we rather take exception to the remark that it has not embarked yet upon extravagant projects.

It possesses its own electric lighting scheme (most expensive of all), public libraries in various wards of the borough—shortly to have its baths and washhouses. It has its allotments and workmen's cottages. Then there are the electric tramcars through the place, run partly by the Middlesex County Council—quite, therefore, level with other London suburbs.

We welcome any scheme likely to bring forward residents, but we fear the very high prices and rents demanded by the builders—in many cases far exceeding the marketable value—keep many would-be residents away. This is the case in several new suburbs of London.

E. and S. SMITH.

Muswell Hill.

BOARD SCHOOLS AND MANNERS.

You have lately been discussing in your paper the want of manners in the children attending our board schools. Surely this is easily explained.

In nine cases out of ten the present schoolmaster or mistress has received his or her education under the same system. Naturally proud of the position gained by their own merits, they consequently seldom admit superiority in knowledge or breeding.

Would it therefore be natural for them to encourage Tommy in any little acts of civility sometimes shown to greater lights from lesser ones (not unfruitful of success, usually) or to tout his cap as a mark of respect when respect for one's betters is a thing of the past?

Mary's curtsy is supplanted by a lofty inclination of the head, and often a stare, which implies "I am as good as you"—a point on which no one has the least wish to argue.

DEODORA.

Somerset.

"BARBARIC EARRINGS."

The heathenish custom of wearing earrings cannot be too strongly condemned.

To all persons of refinement the mere idea of mutilating the ear must be utterly repulsive. For the savage Zulu there is little excuse. For the Englishwoman none.

I have never yet met a person capable of deep and serious thought who favoured this senseless and idiotic custom.

As to earrings being beneficial to weak eyes, as well tell me that a ring worn on the big toe will prevent toothache!

COMMON SENSE.

Bungalow Town, Shoreham, Sussex.

More letters from our readers on "Are Wives a Help or a Hindrance?" "Is There a Spirit World?" and "Are Holidays Any Good?" will be found on other pages.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 17.—Some of the showiest perennials now in bloom are the old-fashioned golden rods. Very pretty they look dotted about the garden, their tall nodding plumes of small yellow blossoms forming a graceful background to the phloxes and Japanese anemones.

The rudbeckia is also out. This plant should begin every garden, for its culture is of the simplest. The late blue veronica (easily grown in towns) now gives a touch of blue to our garden bouquets and is very welcome among the gorgeous colours of fading summer.

E. F. T.

BRITISH SQUADRON'S VISIT TO THE BALTIC.



This is how the Berlin comic paper, "Dorfbarbier," cartoons the approaching visit of British ships to the Baltic Sea, which has aroused so much excitement in Germany.

son, Francis Joseph, who, at once revoked the old Constitution of 1849, and abolished trial by jury throughout his dominions. Shortly afterwards the inevitable happened—an attempt was made to assassinate the young ruler.

He was walking on the ramparts of Vienna one February day in 1853. A Czech fanatic attacked him with a long knife, and succeeded in striking him with it. Fortunately, the Emperor was wearing a gold-laced tunic, and the dagger slipped off the hand of the assassin, giving the equestrian time to run up and disarm the would-be murderer. The latter was tried by court-martial and executed ten days later.

The latest celebrity to be concerned in a motor accident—General Tucker, Commander of the Scottish forces, who had the misfortune to collide with a bicyclist near Lanark—must be, one imagines, rather an impulsive driver. General Tucker, who is really a most kind-hearted man and a truly delightful companion, has quite a reputation in the Army for the bluntly effective manner in which he enforces his orders—his command over suitable expletives is very useful to him, and makes him anything but a red-tape General. Many stories are told about his hearty ways of inciting subordinates to action.

When he was in command of the troops in Natal, about ten years ago, he ordered a week and night

is said to have murmured as he rode away: "I've gone and put my foot in it again!"

A Berlin newspaper draws attention to the fact that the ex-Empress Eugenie of France has, for the first time since her fall, put foot on German ground. In accordance with the advice of her medical adviser, the Empress Eugenie takes a yachting cruise every summer, which has been hitherto restricted to the Mediterranean, whereas this year it has been extended to the North Sea and the Baltic, so that for the first time in all these years she has visited Germany, landing at Hamburg and Kiel. Now, the Empress, who is unfortunately not in very good health, has just returned to Farnborough.

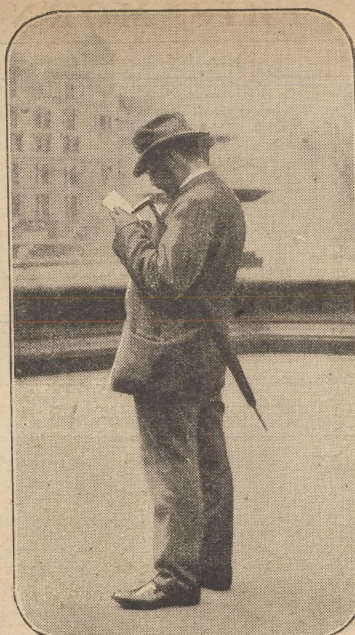
Fate has willed it that the widow of Napoleon III. should be comforted and tended in her old age by a friend and companion who is the first cousin of the present German Empress. The near relationship of the Countess Von Gleichen, the faithful and constant attendant, who rarely leaves the side of the Empress, to the Consort of Kaiser William II. is explained by the fact that the father of the Countess was a brother of the mother of the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria.

Lord Gort has just received his commission in the Grenadier Guards. He is a tall, slim young fellow of nineteen, with unusually fair hair. He has been brought up hitherto in the simplest

NEWS



London is full of foreign visitors just now. In the photograph a Frenchman is seen waxing enthusiastic about the view from just outside the National Gallery.



One of our foreign visitors trying to find his whereabouts with the assistance of his inseparable guide-book.

FOREIGN INV



Party of tourists from America out for a sight-seeing drive. American tourists are noticed to be particularly interested in any places connected with famous literary men or women.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER AND HER SHETLAND PONIES.



The well-known actress with her Shetland ponies, which have just been sold by auction at Maidenhead. Mrs. Brown-Potter was very fond of the ponies, and shed tears when they were mentioned at her last examination in bankruptcy.

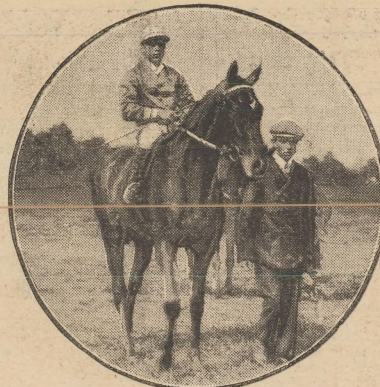
IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THIS GROUP?



Name
Address

If you appear in this photograph mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected you will receive half a guinea. The group was photographed at Southport. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

SNAPSHOTS AT KEMPTON.



Sweet Mary, winner of the Kempton Park International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes. It was her eighth victory this season. She is entered for the Oaks next year.



Mrs. Langtry on the course at Kempton. She was one of the most interested spectators of a first-class day's racing.

GIRL VIOLINIST



Miss Marie Hall, the violinist, a few years ago, in the United States and Canada.

EXSION of LONDON



Group of Italian tourists in Trafalgar-square. One of their number who has visited London before is acting as guide and giving her compatriots a few particulars of the history of the square.



His first experience of London. An arrival from Portugal snapped at Charing Cross Station.

VIEWS



A typical party of Continental tourists. Such a party may be seen everywhere in London this month quietly enjoying the many sights that appeal to visitors.

RNS £2,000 A MONTH.

ITALIAN LOVE TRAGEDY.



Signora Cifariello, wife of the famous Italian sculptor, who has just been killed by her husband in a fit of jealousy and rage.

WARSHIP'S BOILER STRANDED.



Giant boiler intended for a warship waiting in the road at Begbrooke, Oxfordshire, until the Begbrooke Bridge has been temporarily strengthened to allow it to pass over.

MANCHESTER MEETING TO AVERT COTTON TRADE STRIKE.



Mr. J. Edge, J.P., secretary of the Bolton Cardroom Workers' Association — one of the workers' representatives.



Sir T. Thornhill Shann, Lord Mayor of Manchester, who opened the conference in the town hall. — (Lafayette.)



Mr. A. H. Gill, secretary of the Operative Spinners' Association, and one of the workers' delegates at the cotton conference.



Group of workers' delegates holding an informal meeting before the commencement of the great conference of cotton masters and workers in the Manchester Town Hall.



Some of the workers represented at the conference. Mill-girls in working costume. The women are keenly interested in the conference, on the result of which their future welfare will largely depend.



Who was playing in the streets for out to make a five months' tour in when she will receive the princely £2,000 a month.

POPULARITY

— OF —

The Great Corpulence Cure.

the Grave.

A WARNING DISREGARDED.

SPIRITS' COMMAND OF LANGUAGE.

45, Park-road, Nottingham. CHRISSIE SMITH.

A MORBID HANKERING. 371

WHAT THE MEDIUM IS FOR.

(3) Probably the intelligence of spirits does differ in many respects from that of the living. How they can exercise intelligence without a material brain is one of those questions which will probably be satisfactorily answered when someone can tell us what electricity is, or can photograph wireless telegraphy.

IN PRAISE OF TABLE-TURNING.

A Hindoo was the means of my first instruction in matters occult. I have since followed them carefully and can say I have been truly amazed at the accuracy with which events have been foretold, by means of table-turning and through the medium of hypnotism, both of which I have every faith in. I have practised them myself.

West Green-road, N. HORACE E. ROSS

Blanquart, and asked her to give up Dick Dangleville. He showed her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blanquart and his son their former wealth and splendour. Sabra resolved to sacrifice her love, and so wrote a letter to Dick saying she could not marry him.

CHAPTER IX.

His son was in despair. It seemed as if the burden of the whole world had fallen on his young shoulders. It was left to him to make all the

"So he gives us another week's respite?" cried In another man it would seem like courtesy, but in that brute it's only an add

Dick opened the letter. There was something in it. The Bloncourt emerald, the ring

Blandinard de Balliol was broken. He pleaded
his son for that week of grace given by the usurper
when they looked down at the bones of the king.

Antipon is a simple liquid tonic, pleasant to the palate, purely vegetable in its composition.

fatthest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is

(Signed) "M. B——."

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes:
 "I have used Antipon in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautiful every day, and the best of it is she is

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

Men and Women Still Put the
Blame on One Another.

A JAPANESE VIEW.

Perhaps the most interesting letter of to-day's batch is the one from a Japanese correspondent. But all have been carefully selected as putting forward views well worth notice.

TOO MUCH MARRYING IN HASTE.

In the very few instances where the wife has proved herself a hindrance I may say without fear of contradiction that the fault in the first instance is against the husband.

It may be that he married the girl simply for her good looks, or perhaps she was a "Summer Girl" he picked up while on holiday.

They marry without any idea of each other's ability to hold the responsible positions of husband and wife—the girl often unable to cook a plain dinner, and as to the care and rearing of children what she knows on that subject is practically nil.

As to the man, if he should happen to be one of those who have always relied upon someone to fall back upon—in other words, a mother's boy—your readers will clearly see how such a married couple stand as regards being a hindrance to each other.

For good looks are only skin deep, and as soon as they wear off (sometimes even before) the husband will begin to notice the inability of his wife to be a good mother to his children or to be his true helpmate.

FOR THE PRESENT A SINGLE YOUNG MAN.
Hope View, Highbury-park.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

Does "Candid" consider he has attained worldly success simply because he has increased his income from £300 to £1,500, at the expense of his happiness, which is the only thing in life worth having in addition to health? I think he would be better off with his £300 and his freedom.

My own case is similar to that of "Candid," who has my sympathy: I increased my income from £200 to £300, because I realised the dire necessity of having more money to meet my ever-increasing expenses. I will admit that my wife has been the indirect cause of my improved position, which has been brought about at the expense of most of my enjoyment, the loss of all my friends, and the partial breakdown of my nervous system.

This, to enable my wife to gratify her whims, and spend money, of the value of which she has not the faintest knowledge.

UNHAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED.
Fore-street, E.C.

Why should the woman you love be of necessity the woman who cooks your dinner and mends your socks?

When a man falls in love with a girl it is done without the help of furniture or cooking-range. Why, then, are men such big children as to think that putting a girl in a kitchen and cooking implements, including a poker, will stop her from falling in love with other men?

Women are being treated as caged birds. The cage may be of gold, but it is still a cage.

Forgive my queer English, as I am a son of Japan.

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MAZU-RU-ITO.

FROM A CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT.

I may be very old-fashioned, but I cannot help considering marriage as having, after all, something to do with religion.

The woes of many of your correspondents, and particularly of the one who signs "Three Times Married," seem to me to come from a neglect of this side of the matter.

How much money, what sort of a house, what kind of society they will get—all that is fully weighed between husbands and wives. But how few ask Heaven to unite them as they are supposed to be united by oaths before the altar—with a spiritual union which time cannot undo?

A CHRISTIAN WIFE.

A VICTIM OF EGOTISM.

Your correspondent who signs herself "Wife in Name Only" has my sincere sympathy. Like her, I married a most selfish man.

I worked and slaved to help him get on, which he did, for eleven years; then for no reason at all he got tired of wife, home, and children, sold a good business for a mere song to go to New Zealand, and left me with three little ones to clothe, feed, educate, and house on twenty-six shillings a week.

ANOTHER WIFE IN NAME ONLY.
Willaden.

RACING AT SOUTHSEA REGATTA.



All comers' race at Southsea Regatta. Crews representing the Navy, Army, and Marines took part. Our photograph shows the naval boat leading.

DEMONSTRATION OF WEST HAM UNEMPLOYED.



Mr. Charles Mowbray addressing the meeting of West Ham unemployed at Hermit Road Recreation Ground. He said: "We don't want and we won't have any disorder at our meeting in the town hall. We will let the authorities know we can be our own police."

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

A Reverie in the Grass.

Here let me rest amid the bearded grass,
Sprinkled with buttercups, and idly pass
One hour of sunshine on the green hill slope,
Watching the rigid clouds that o'er the cope
Of visible heaven sail quietly along;
Listening the wind, or rustling leaves, or song
Of blackbird or sweet ringdove in the copse
Of pines or sycamores, whose dark-green tops
Form a clear outline right against the blue.
Here let me lie and dream, losing from view
All vexed and worldly things, and for one hour
Living such life as green leaf in a bower
Might live! breathing the calm pure air,
Heedless of hope or fear, or joy or care.
Oh! It is pleasant in the summer time
To sit alone and meditate or rhyme:
To hear the bee piping his busy trade,
Or grasshopper, alert in sun and shade,
With bright large eyes and ample forehead bald,
Clad in curls and curls and curls emerald.
Here let me rest, and for a space
Shut out the world from my abiding place:
Seeing around me naught but grass and bent,
Nothing above me but the firmament.
—CHARLES MACKAY.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE LAW OF MOTOR-CARS AND MOTOR-CYCLES. This very opportune treatise ought to be recommended to all motorists who are in the habit of travelling at a speed of about 100 miles an hour. It will inform them as to the kind of penalty they incur, and probably add zest to their sport. Two volumes, at 3s. 6d. each.

CHEAP DWELLINGS, selected from "Building World," by Paul N. Huxlark, Cassell. A collection of hideous little houses of the most commonplace type. They cost from £75 to £300 each. They would be dear at £5 each so far as the look of them goes. It ought to be made a crime to build dwellings of this character, or, rather, want of character.

SIMPLE SANITATION, by M. Loane. A useful little book, designed mainly for the help of nurses, whom it instructs how to minimise dangers to which patients are exposed from bad ventilation, bad water, and so on. The Scientific Press, 4s. 6d.

SEWING MACHINES. Edited by Paul N. Huxlark. A volume of the cheap and convenient "Work Handbook." Shows how sewing machines may be constructed, and what is more to the point, repaired. Cassell, 1s.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Witty Paragraphs from the Comic Papers of Two Continents.

Howell: That girl has made a big name for herself.

Powell: How is that?

Howell: She has married the Russian she has been after so long—"Columbia Dispatch."

Nell: Isn't she a peculiar girl? She would not look at him when he was rich, but now, after he's lost all his money, she accepts him.

Belle: Well, you know how crazy every woman is to get anything that's reduced.—"Catholic Standard and Times."

Employer: Well, what did he say to you?
Clerk: That he'd break every bone in my body if I showed my face in his office again.

Employer: Then go back and tell him that he is vastly mistaken if he thinks he can intimidate me by violence.—"Rire" (French).

Maisie: Why did you ever marry that English nobleman?

Daisy: Well, you see, when papa comes home at night from the office, tired and cross, he likes to have something around he can lick.—"Cincinnati Commercial."

All efforts of the President to preserve an even keel in his treatment of the peace envoys have been knocked into a cocked hat. A horrible case of discrimination has been disclosed. The furniture in the reception saloon of the Mayflower is finished in Russian leather.—"Boston Globe."

Culled from some recent examination papers:—
Q. "What is the masculine of sultana?"
A. "Rasim."
Q. "Give the comparative and superlative of ill."
A. "Positive ill, comparative worse, superlative dead."
Q. "What do you know about the last of Man?"
A. "He says there don't wear tails, sir."—Liverpool Daily Post.

A TOILET SECRET

Showing How to Secure a Beautiful
Complexion and Silky, Glossy Hair.

The most important things in this world are frequently the things that people pay least attention to at the time. When the mischief is done then they sometimes look back to some slight incident or some apparently unimportant blunder that has altered the whole of their subsequent life. This is as true of personal habits and personal appearance as it is of other things. There are many men and women to-day who are lamenting the fact that their skin is shrivelled and bad in colour who at one time had as good a complexion as any one could wish for. What has worked the change and made the skin unhealthy? Generally speaking, it is due to two causes—first, carelessness and thoughtlessness in regard to the care of the skin, and secondly, the use of bad, common, and injurious soap.

IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Don't believe those who tell you it makes no difference what soap you use. Your own sense tells you that a greasy, oily, superfatted soap must do mischief by clogging up the pores, and a moment's thought will convince you that a soap with a lot of free or uncombined soda in it will rob the skin of its natural oil, and make it dry and harsh. This being so, it is surely the height of folly to use bad soap when you can for so small a cost have so delightful a soap as "Antexema Soap," which keeps the skin healthy and beautiful, and renders the hair silky and glossy.

A WALK THROUGH THE PINE FOREST

Everyone knows how delicious, refreshing, and healthful is the smell of the pines, and how one is reinvigorated by a walk through a pine forest; with every breath you seem to drink in new life and energy, and in "Antexema Soap" for the hair and skin you get the delicious and healing scent of the pines, and you could not possibly have a more delightful soap either for the bath, toilet, nursery, or a shampoo. It is a luxury to wash either the face, hands, body or head with "Antexema Soap," as it purifies the skin and makes the flesh firm and glowing. It does not rob the skin of any of its natural juices, but feeds the true skin, puts new life into it, and gives brilliance to the complexion.

A REFRESHING BATH

However refreshing a bath is when ordinary soap is used, its enjoyment is enormously increased if you use "Antexema Soap." It opens the pores of the skin, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of the perfect complexion. On a hot, tiring day, after walking, motorcycling, or cycling, you should have a bath with "Antexema Soap," and it will be followed by that delicious feeling of coolness, invigoration, and perfect cleanliness which is so exquisite.

THE BEAUTIFUL SKIN OF CHILDHOOD

If you are careful about your own skin and hair you should surely be careful about your baby's skin and that of your children. Whatever you do, be sure you get the soap that is best calculated to keep their dainty skin and silky hair in perfect health and beauty. If you have a beautiful piece of silk embroidery you do not allow anyone to apply coarse soap and soda to it, and so destroy its lovely colouring and the beauty of its texture. Why, then, should you treat the skin of a baby or little child with less care and thought than you give to the garment you wear? Use "Antexema Soap," and so retain the freshness, lustre, and charm of your child's complexion and the beauty of its hair which Nature intended it to possess.

REASONS FOR USING "ANTEXEMA SOAP"

Because it makes the skin clear, white, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skin, it is the best pre-ventative and healthiest cleanser, emollient and antiseptic, non-poisonous and safe. It is marvellously economical, it makes hard water soft, lathers beautifully, and is all a soap should be. If you have not already tried it you should procure a supply immediately, and you will be charmed with the wonderful improvement made in the appearance of your skin.

ALWAYS USE "ANTEXEMA SOAP"

We want everyone to try "Antexema Soap," because we know that if once used it will be used ever after. It is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tablets at 6d., or in boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d.

We would advise all who value the appearance of their skin and hair to make a special point of always using "Antexema Soap," and taking it with them when they go away on holiday, as it is peculiarly soothing and refreshing if the skin is sunburnt, or itchy, and all up-to-date Chemists stock it nowadays.



75 HOPE STORES, RYE, ENGLAND.

SILK COATS WORN WITH LACE AND CHIFFON SKIRTS—THAT CHARMING FABRIC, SPOTTED MUSLIN.

THE PRINCESS TOILETTE.

ESSENTIALS IN DRESSMAKING THAT COMPEL GRACE.

The Princess gown has enjoyed a considerable vogue this season in London, and has been highly favoured in Paris, from which we may argue that it will be prevalent among us this autumn. A tolerably good figure is demanded by the mode, but a supremely good corset is even more essential than the good figure, for in a Princess gown it is the lines that tell, and only careful corseting can assure the correct silhouette. A Princess petticoat and bodice, all in one, helps to secure the elegance needful for the gown's best presentation.

Artists With the Scissors.

The lingerie Princess gown is a mass of hand-work, tucked or gauged or in some other skilful fashion moulded to the waist-line, full above, though not answering to the description of a blouse, fitted round the hips by clever tucking, goring, and so forth, ample below and enriched everywhere with hand embroidery and inset lace. No one save an artist with the scissors should attempt the construction of one of these triumphs, but they are charming when well made and well worn.

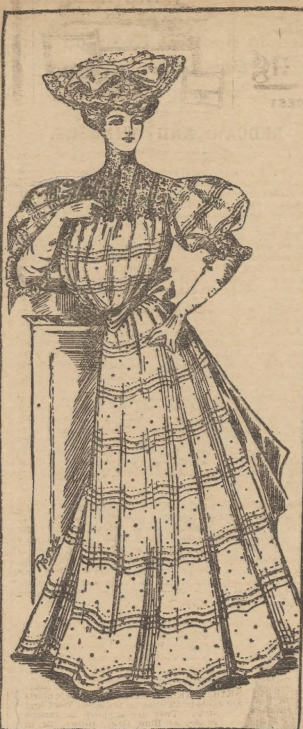
To demonstrate the round skirt with a Princess toilette is difficult, though it may be done by inset pleatings and other trimmings running up from the hem to the knees and insuring great width at the edge of the skirt, but of necessity clinging round the waist and hips, and cut in one with the bodice. Some of the best dressmakers consider the little train better adapted to a Princess dress, however, and use it, with a skirt length at the sides and front much shorter than in the round skirts, a trying but newly-smart device.

The Princess dress is well-liked carried out in lace and in the supple satins and silks as well, the latter arranged with a certain severity of line, but usually cut very low in the bodice to show fluffy masses of lace, chiffon, and so forth, and made with short or elbow sleeves of lace or some such fine material. Sleeves made with two or three frills falling in points to the elbows are a popular and very becoming scheme. Under such a sleeve in lace one seldom sees a little underpiece of fine material just covering with its point the elbow joint—a feature seldom admirable, even in a fairly good article.

Long-skirted Coat Costumes.

Where the regulation Princess form is lacking, the new frock often attains a modified Princess effect by the disposition of the bodice folds and bodice and skirt trimmings, and by the arrangement of the juncture between the bodice and skirt.

The long-skirted coat costumes of the Louis XV. period have lost none of their prestige, and will apparently be worn even more than ever during the holiday season. There is a decided liking for the Pekin-robe style, as the material for these coats, and certainly these, as well as plain corded silks, chifferon, and the rich flowered silks and soft satins, make most picturesque and serviceable coats to be worn with various skirts in white or cream or in pale tints that harmonise with the silk of the coat.



Are you in doubt as to how you should use the length of spotted cream muslin you bought at the sales? Copy the simple gown shown above and wear blue ribbon with it.

JEWELS AND THEIR COLOUR.

The most beautiful turquoise is a perfect blue with scarcely a trace of green about them. But turquoisees are very sensitive stones, and respond quickly to the condition of the wearer's health. It is an ascertained fact that the ill-health of their wearers turns the bluest stones green, probably as the result of acid in the system.

The pigeon-blood ruby stands at the head of the ruby family in cost and beauty—a colour so bright that it is difficult to describe. As a rule, the lighter-coloured ruby fetches a higher price than the darker one. In emeralds it is the medium shade—neither light nor dark—that costs the most.

PRETTY FANS.

A tiny ivory fan is the latest form of Parisian fancy, and girls are hunting their family archives through to find those that were fashionable seventy years ago. Rich parents are this summer presenting their daughters with monogram fans. A girl carries a small silk fan of the folded variety, and is in the habit of opening it and laying it on her lap, and in the middle of the fan her name will be seen most exquisitely presented on specially wrought lace. Another idea is a blue linen fan with a monogram in the centre of it embellished with a little circle of green leaves. The appearance is very much as though it were a medallion set into the fan. And still another fan is made of taffetas with a worked medallion in the middle and a lace ornament at each side.



An elaborate silk Princess petticoat to be donned with a Princess dress. The flounce is made of cambric, lace, and white ribbon, and so is the little camisole.

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ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

beneath their feet. He could not face that parting. Dick was young; but the old man had to tear himself out by the roots.

A week! A week to sit lost in that apathy, that was perhaps merciful, a week to dream dreams in, to imagine vainly that the girls were not dimmed a week to see visions in, with his old eyes on the turrets of the Castle, the clash of arms in his ears, a scene from the long dead past played before him, the great gates opening, a long line of retainers riding out, lance and helmet shining in the sun, to do battle for King and country. Other dreams, other visions, always great, splendid, glorious; and, last of all, his own day, his childhood, his youth, his early married happiness, the death-bed of his wife—

And Dick laughed again, recklessly, out of the bitter madness of his soul.

"A week, then?" Take your week! What does it matter? There's no deeper hell here than in any other place!"

CHAPTER X.

".... it ran like fever through my blood."

Luther Swindower strolled into the Oak Room and found his sister sitting alone at the luncheon-table, gazing under a solid mass of silver, the floral decorations looking like small oases in a desert of metal.

He did not apologise for his lateness, but looked at the fair girl, with her red hair and her plain clothes, as if she were an interesting stranger.

"Where's the old man?" he asked, and added, as if she somehow compelled courtesy: "Moran?"

"Good morning," she answered. "Father has just finished his lunch. Somebody came to see him in London, to see him on business. Can't you get

anything to eat but ortolans and truffles in this house?"

"Can't say," Luther laughed hilariously. He was arriving in faultless country garb, suggesting the morning gallop, a game of golf, a tramp across ploughed fields. As a matter of fact, he had just risen from his bed. "A sardine, and then a little chafaudron, Thomas," he added, addressing a footman. "Don't feel a bit like food. I say, Fay, did you have a row with the old man this morning?"

"I heard his voice bellying through the house."

"We had a slight disagreement," his sister replied, with a cynical curl of her lips. She looked at her brother across the table with scarcely-concealed distaste.

"I'm off to-morrow," Luther said. "Can't stand this place. Too horribly dull."

"Doesn't father know anyone?" his sister asked.

"Not a living soul. The country has simply cut him dead. Didn't he tell you about it? He's not as a rule so backward in expressing his opinion of them. There's positively nothing to do. What did you do this morning?"

"I went for a walk."

"Great Scott! No wonder the old man was upset. He doesn't think the foot of a Swindower ought to touch the ground. I can't think why that parson chap came to dinner last night."

"Nor can I," retorted the girl drily.

"Oh, rot it! You needn't put on airs. It's only because the old man goes the wrong way to work. They'd know him right enough if he used a little tact. I don't have any difficulty up in town."

His unwholesome face expanded into a broad smile of unutterable meaning.

"Indeed," said his sister in a voice of ice. Luther was ruffled.

"Give me a newspaper," he said to a servant, and he read it ostentatiously when it was brought.

But he glanced furtively at his sister round the side of the page. He couldn't make her out at all. She was so ridiculously dressed. White flannel! What anyone could afford that! What was the

good of being Sam Swindower's daughter if one didn't look different to other girls? He did not know that Fay had her own vanities, and that, under the white flannel was a flounce of lace a yard deep, that had once adorned a queen's bridal gown, trimming her petticoat.

"Rotten season this," he muttered presently. "Not an atom of news." He turned over the pages of the paper. "Fire in Stepney—Three Cases of Yellow Fever in Paris—Royal Engagement—"

Fay looked up.

"What sort of a royal engagement?" she asked.

"Think it's one of your pals?" her brother sneered; and read aloud in tones of mock gravity: "We are authorised to announce that H.S.H. the Grand Duke of Mirmont-Sondershausen, one of the most popular as well as the richest of the younger ruling princes in the German Empire, has formally announced his betrothal to the Princess Ottilie of Elberfeld-Gastein. The marriage will take place during the winter, and the Emperor has announced his intention of being present. His Majesty is, of course, second cousin to the bridegroom."

Fay had risen suddenly to her feet. Her face was turned away from her brother; it was deathly white; and all the muscles of it were working convulsively. Her voice, however, did not falter. She gave a little laugh.

"I've finished," she said lightly. "If I stayed here long, I should suffer from chronic indigestion. I must really order a milk pudding for dinner. Have you done with the paper? There are so many of these German princelings; one can't keep track of them."

A footman took the newspaper from the table, where Luther had thrown it, and gave it into her hands.

She walked out of the room, with her slow, deliberate step. When she reached the corridor on which her own room was situated she ran as if all

her senses were at the door. She looked at it double-locked her door.

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Not only in the MARVELLOUS VALUE of our Goods, but in the honesty of the British Public. On receipt of Order Form at foot we will send this Charming Blouse absolutely on approval before payment. If you do not feel satisfied return Blouse and there is an end of the transaction. If you are thoroughly satisfied remit 2/11 and 3d. postage.

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Clothing made to measure below shopkeepers' prices. Good Business Suits from 27/-; special discounts during Sale. Ladies' Jackets, Handkerchiefs, Tailor-made Costumes from 25/-; Cycle Suits from 16/-; delivered on small parcels, perfect fit guaranteed. Patterns and new American Self-measurement Form Post Free. Quick delivery. Write Dept. 294, A. THOMAS, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

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That is if rightly used: not as other soaps are used, but in an easier way fully explained in the simple directions with every bar.

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SHEFFIELD Table Cutlery; 12 table, 12 dessert knives; carvers and steel; Crayford ivory balanced handles; unused; 10s. 6d.; approval.

LADY'S solid gold (stamped) Keyless Watch, jewelled 10 rubies, richly engraved, splendid timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's trial; sacrifice 21s.; approval before payment.

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FIELD, Race, Marine Glasses, by Delamere, Paris; 50-mile range; 10 achromatic crystal lenses; in leather sling case; 11s. 6d.; approval.—Emanuel, 31, Clapham-rd.

FURNITURE and Antiquities bought and sold.—Paddington Furniture Stores, 33, Princes-st.

FURNITURE.—Rich saddle-bag Suite, large handsome Carvel, rug, pretty Table and Vase; only 40s. 10s., or 2d. per week; Broadwood Piano, 2s.—See these, Hine, 97, Wimpole-st., Stoke Newington.

GOLD Enamel, 3 shilling boxes, post free, 1s. 9d.; washable, durable.—Birkett, Trustitt, Importers, Scarborough.

LADY must part with her two handsome 18-carat gold-cased Orient diamond Rings (stamped); sacrifice, only 3s. the pair; approval.—Miss Andrews, The Gables, Ealing Green, Middlesex.

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